A DOG-ROBBER'S CHARGE.

WASTER THE STATE OF THE STATE O

WRITTEN FOR THE EVENING STAR BY P. Y. BLACK.

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"I only ack of that proud race
Whose time shall end with me.
That I may die and not disgrace
Its ancient chivalry."
—From "The Bolemian Girl."

"What?" says I. 'Oh, rats!' says I, 'the do nothin' to 'im! You ain't no good,' I about good. 'Now,' says I, when I was knocked 'im out in the tenth round. See? fellers, there won't be no monkey business cause I seen to that when Sammy was so high, and I was champion lightweight of the ward. I was the makin' of Sammy, and he thinks the world of me, see?"

In the long lingering twilight of an evening in midsummer a number of troopers sat on the long porch of the wooden barracks. Out on the parade ground, retreat being comfortably over and the day's work done, the band was gathered about the flagstaff, playing away the heat of the sun and wel-coming the cool shades of night. Spud Murphy was the especial object of interest Murphy was the especial object of interest to the men, in that a new lieutenant had joined the troop that day, and Spud was, it seemed, well acquainted with the young officer's family history. Even the first ser-geant so far relaxed his dignity as to step out from the orderly room and ask a ques-tion or two of the bullet-headed, brighteyed soldier from New York city.

"Twas this way," said Murphy. "My
father and Sammy's father was pals once,

and when I was a tough young fellow, fighting my way through the old ward. I took to Sammy, who was a little kid, and educated him in the ways and manners of men as is men. Twas me as learned him to put up his little fists first. But, say, old Owen was a lulu be was and went in for Owen was a fulu, he was, and went in for bein' a politician, and got made an alderman, and waltzed in the boodle for all he was worth. My father hadn't that kind of was worth. My father hadn't that kind of get-up. So when old man Owen got rich as a Jew we didn't mix no more with their crowd, see? Sammy he goes away to a dude school and h's dad goes to Congress, and they pulls out from our block and moves up town, though, say, the Owens is always our ward boys and we's proud of them, see? Then I enlists in this here bloomin' troop. Say, that's nine years ago, but them boys in New York remembers me still, and what's the matter with the time they give me when I go back on leave to see them! Say, 'twas great. Sammy goes to West Point, and here he comes. He thinks the world of me, does Sammy."

A tall, thin man, with the straps of the

second lieutenant, came out from the last house, a bachelor's quarters on officers' row, and crossed the parade ground, com-

ing directly toward the barracks.

"It's him." cried Murphy, in suppressed excitement. "I'd know his measly red hair a mile off. Gee! To think that little Sammy would ever grow up to be my lieu The officer passed the length of the porch

saluted by the men, and entered the order-ly room, to which the first sergeant pre-ceded him. In a few minutes Spud Murphy was called, and left his comrades compla-cently expectant. "How do you do, Murphy?" said Owen,

elusion of the orderly room, he thought, with a sense of aggrievement, the new lieutenant, his old protege of the "block." might have condescended to shake hands. The trooper stood, however, at attention and evel the new cubaltern curiously. The carry over the new cubaltern curiously. The classical statement is a sense of aggrievement, the new lieutenant, his old protege of the "block." looking. As for his fellow officers, they found that, in spite of his apparent delication that they did, he rode, shot, danced, box-that they did. He rode, shot, danced, box-that they di Heutenant held himself straight—four years of stern training at the Military Academy had given him that soldierly bearing which a West Points at the Military Academy cent average success which excites neit contempt nor jealousy. He never dra a West Pointer can never lose entirely. He was well set up, but to Spud Murphy's critcal eye, accustomed to the clean and wholesome face colors of the plain troopers, the dead dull gray of Owen's cheeks, their sunken leanness, the wateriness of his un-certain, nervous eyes, were as a cold cloth on the soldier's enthusiasm over his old friend's rise in station. Owen pricked at the blotting pad of the desk before which be sat, pricked aimlessly with long and

twitching fingers.
"Murphy," said he, "I have asked the sertwitching fingers.
"Murphy," said he, "I have asked the sergeant about detailing a man to look after my horses, and so on. He has suggested you. Would you be willing? It will be a censiderable help, of course, as far as money is concerned, to you."

Spud squirmed. Every officer has his dogrobber, or servant, but such details are not those which the smarter soldiers aspire to gain. There is something menial about the

gain. There is something mental about the position which is to many a man offensive. Spud "had his opinion" of dog-robbers in general. He was therefore, about to reject the offer peremptorily, when the young of-ficer looked at him with an appeal in his

"I-I have been ill. Murphy," he said, owly, "or I should have joined four onths ago. I am not quite well yet, and sowly or I should have joined four months ago. I am not quite well yet, and I—I should like some one not—a—completely a stranger about me for a time at least," Spud's memory, at the sound and manner of the appeal, flashed back to years long past, when the man, now his officer, came to him as a little whining boy for protection, always cheerfully accorded. "These dog-robbing details ain't my style, Sam—lieutenant," he said, "but I'll—I'll help you out."

The sergeant grinned, for Spud's bluntress of speech was traditional in the troop, but Owen smiled faintly, and his eyes shot up at Murphy with a rassing gleam of kindliness, as the old familiar mannerism flickered, flamelike, from the dying embers

of his boyhood's fires.

if his boyhood's fires.
"Thank you," he said, as if greatly releved, and passed out.
The treep, doubtless, had many sneers o cast upon Spud Murphy's abandonment

of principle, but it was not a safe thing to speak too plainly before the New Yorker's face. Spud, therefore, disdaining explanation, assumed charge next day of Owen's horses, took his supper and reported duly at the lieutenant's quarters in the evening for orders. He was amazed to find the officer a different creature. His cheek was flushed; his eye was bright; he was filling his room with the music of his whistle as he moved about, and he greeted Spud with gay familiarity. He talked garrulously of old times, of the sidewalks of his childhood; he laughed boisterously at remembrance of his great fight, the penalty of losing which would have been a severe thrashing from Spud. Murphy ought to have been delighted. He was at first, indeed, but the voice of Owen was too hilarlous, his words too tumultuous in their outpouring, his laugh too bolsterous. Ten years of garrison and camp had made the trooper a stickler for etiquette. He knew very well that such familiarity with an ordinary "buck soldier" was out of place. He knew very well that

that familiarity was the worst of all pos-sible things for discipline and order. There-fore, he waxed cold and eyed the loqua-cious subaltern closely. Then he took the big glass of whisky offered to him, drank it standing with punctillous respect and with-drew, a good deal worrled in his mind as to the future of an officer in whom, for the glory and honor of the old ward, he felt the greatest interest.

"He drinks," he muttered, as he crossed the parade to barracks. "That little devil Sammy's taken to drinkin'. Oh, hell!" And long after taps the dog robber lay awake, frowning at the mosquito bar over

"The worst thing is," he pondered, "the kid didn't get that dose at the club, like an officer and a gentleman. He swallows his medicine all by himself, in his room. Sammy's a lone fisherman, and they're no

He was at Owen's quarters before reveille. The lieutenant lay on the sitting room lounge, his blouse open, breathing stertorously. He had not been to bed. On the floor beside him lay an empty bottle. His fingers, hanging lifelessly to the floor, seemed to feel for it. Spud shook him illently, but with little effect. The servant ran to the hydrant in the yard and came back with a bucket of water, which he sluiced vigorously over the lieutenant's

face and chest. He put another coat on him somehow, gave him a fiery gulp of liquor and hustled him out on the parade

just in time to report his troop present and get down to morning stables. "This here racket's got to be stopped," bloke busted you in the jaw, and ye didn't said Murphy, "if either Sammy Owen or me's going to face New York again and do nothin' to 'im! You ain't no good,' I hold up our heads in the ward. Gee! He'll says, and I lays in and knocks the kid shout good. 'Now,' says I, when I was From that day Spud Murphy went about through, 'will ye lick that bloke, or will I pound you again?' So we hunts up that which was novel. He seldom now declaimbloke, who was a heap bigger than Sammy, and I seen it was a square do, and Sammy valor and virtues of his beloved city's inhabitants, among whom he reckoned dearknocked 'im out in the tenth round. See?

If it hadn't been for that lickin' that I gave
Sammy Owen, that made 'im fight most was mentioned in his hearing, his quick eye desp'rate, that kid would have been a dis-grace to the ward, so he would. I tell ye, grace to the ward, so he would. I tell ye, little said against his master and protege, for Owen attended to his routine duties and with Lieut. Sammy Owen from West Point, did not attempt radical reforms, after the manner of some ambitious johnnies-comelately. Gradually a feeling of pity spread in the troop for the youngster, who was so

the injection was taking effect, "why have you said nothing of this?"

"Sure, sir," Murphy answered, "he was once like a little brother to me, when he was a kid in our ward. 'Twould be eternal disgrace to his old man, that's going to be our senator, and to all the boys and to my father and to me, if he was hobtailed—that father and to me, if he was bobtailed—that is, got the G. B., him being officer and gentleman. See? We think the world of the

Owenses, see?"

The doctor looked at him curiously. He had in his library a volume on dipsomania; others on heredity. Some idea of the fight before the lieutenant dawned upon him, and even he shivered a little at the thought of what Owen had already passed through, hiding his habit, yet every moment fearing detection and shame and open disgrace. "And, do you expect to cure him of it?" he thoughtfully asked of the trust dog-rob-

Spud's face gloomed.
"I'm fond of a good time on pay day, doctor, with the boys, but since this here miserable racket, I've sworn off. What t'ell? My righteous example ain't no good.

He breaks out in spells, and there ain't no knowing when Sammy's going to break out. That's the worst. Some day he'll do it at the wrong time, when I ain't around—and then it'll break the old man's heart." He looked at the now sleeping officer in

despair.
"Wish he'd get shot before it becomes known," he muttered fiercely. "Doctor, the boys will do anything you ask. Doctor, The Kid hummed gently:

two long boats were lowered, and each was filled with men with carbine, ammunition belt and pistol. "Lieut. Pauks will take charge of boat

No. 1, Lieut. Owen of No. 2." said the com-manding officer. "You have your instructions, gentlemen. Good luck to you. an hour or two I shall expect you back with the information and the scouts." Boat No. 1 was lying ready and impa-tient when Mr. Pauks swung himself in the

"Give way, men," said he. "See if we can't beat the other boat ashore. "Now, then," he added to the Cuban at the tiller,

"The things is all with me, lleutenant.
There's nothing left behind," it said.
Owen started at Spud's rebuke, a rebuke

pits and ran. Owen was away ahead of his "Them fellows have the luck," one growlmen. Half-way across a Mauser bullet struck him, but he plunged on with a crazy ed. "They will be first ashore." Spud had a corner of his eye on Owen's

"This is black ruin," thought Spud. "Black ruin and disgrace for him and the ward. If I—if I dared!"

showed himself as the ship drifted gently in, and then lay still, some hundreds of yards from shore. Swiftly from her sides A blistering volley of Mauser bullets streamed from behind the earthworks and drowned Owen's reply. The men lying down escaped injury, and at once Owen's voice was again at them in a frenzy. "D-n'em! Forward! Commence firing!"

Pauks was overborne. The spirit of Owen had permeated the men. They were laugh-ing and swearing and cheering and making a grand series of rushes with every now and again a gap of more than the ordered 20 yards in the line. The daring thing had its immediate effect. A Spaniard bounced up from back of the riflepits and dashed into the further jungle; another and an-other followed. Owen saw what his men's

"look out for the reef. I'd as soon get there dry as wet."
"Where is No. 2?" a soldier queried, as they shot forward.
"Lieut. Owen," said the commanding offi-

A voice from the stern of the boat spoke up gently, sedate and respectful as need be, yet with a curious note in it.

"The things is all with me."

"The Spaniards were for the sidewalks of New York! That there should be so much devilment in a pint of whisky!"

The Spaniards were for the sidewalks of New York! That there should be so much devilment in a pint of whisky!"

only to his ears, and, in his turn, swung over and seated himself in the stern, close to his attendant. "Give way," he said, but there was no jolly appeal to his squad to beat the others.

Spud had a corner of his eye on Owen's face; in the crowded small boat, their shoulders touched. The officer's face was gray; his form trembled.

Cry. Spud was after like another bullet. The lieutenant rushed ahead blindly. One officer of the Spaniards, mad with rage, was defending the trench almost by him. At him Owen ran, pistol and sword in hand. His foot slipped and he fell at the

DIPLOMATIC DOGS

Four-Footed Favorites of Foreign Representatives.

TRAVELED PETS OF HIGH DEGREE

Their Friends, Tricks and Good Qualities.

BAD ONES, TOO, SOMETIMES

As the passing show on the fashionable promenades these spring days would be in complete without the diplomat and that "shadow before," his dog, so society chronicles appear unfinished lacking mention of their serene highnesses, the four-footed favorites of the foreign representatives. Sightly, well mannered, well groomed, these fastidious little rascals receive many a caress their masters would fight unnumbered duels to win, preserving such dignity of demeanor as does credit to creatures of even their travel and intelligence.

Clifton and Peter, the dandyfied terriers of Mr. Reginald Tower, first secretary of the British embassy, are good friends with all the pretty girls of the smart set. Glossy and playful, they make an attractive pic ture going through the various tricks their master and the ladies of the British embassy have taught them, while their wor-shipful antics about Mr. Tower betray the devotion they reciprocate. Clifton was a gift from Madame Patenotre, wife of the former French ambassador at the capital, being named from the place of his birth, Madame Patenotre's suburban home. "Peter" a bright little animal whos

collar dangles a tiny bell, hails from Prides



Dogs of Mr. Reginald Tower.

Crossing, Mass., but has no serious New England characteristics. These dogs are constant companions of the tall bachelor secretary, known among some of his col-leagues as "Eiffel Towel," and receive many favors from those of the fair sex who in-cline to the Angle-American alliance.

A Traveled Bohemian. There is no more "dead game sport" to

be met in the canine world than "Plusch. the Bohemian terrier of Baron Reldl, charge d'affaires of Austro-Hungary. "Plusch" is a dog "of the world." He has visited Paris, London, Berlin, Vienna, Stockholm, Rome, and can mind instructions in almost every language. He has clambered over the rocks of "our own" Bar Harbor and frolicked at the heels of bathers on Newport's sands. He knows Washington's byways and roads from truant self-conducted excursions as well as the fashionable walks abroad during afternoons in the company of his master.

He is a fine jumper, making and breaking records, over sticks held out to test his agility, and like the genuine Bohemian, he loves his "glass" and a quiet pipe. His droll satisfaction on whiffing tobacco is



Baron Reidl's Dog Plusch.

positively uncanny. "Love me, love my dog," is Baron Reidl's motto, and it is pretty well understood that any attentions to "Plusch" are more grateful to the eligible charge of Austro-Hungary than invita-

tions to a dinner or opera box. A Real Globe Trotter.

The pets of the Russian ambassador are three beautiful, silky-haired little animals known as "Manila dogs." They are snow white, and dainty as powder puffs. The father of the family, "Tchoky," has been a great globe trotter, having traveled through Siberia and Mongolia among other jour-



M. Cambon's "Joe."

neys. Despite his warm coat he suffered as many other explorers have and was once almost frozen to death.

his wife, is French, and chic as a true Parisian, while their tiny son "Mosquito," who first saw the light at Hot Springs, Va., a few months ago, is as promising a speci-men of American-born foreigner as can be found the country over. These soft, curly, dogs have all the care and luxuries usually bestowed on such treasures, though "Tohoky" seems best loved.

He is the especial property of Miss Cass These dogs are costly, and in great mand in Europe. "Causette" wears a deration like every self-respecting attache-medal from a French "Exposition Canine

The Storied St. Bernards. The noble-looking St. Bernard dog th is owned by Mr. del Viso, secretary of Argentine legation, attracts affectionate

admiration everywhere. He is a great,

centle fellow, with a beautiful coat and

faithful eyes, and has a famous pedigree. Two years ago Mr. del Viso bought this scion of a distinguished race in Switzerland, and "Eigene" now measures five



feet eight inches from the tip of his nose

to the tip of his tail and in height is about three feet. His sire was one of the cele-brated heroes that everybody admires, who brated heroes that everybody admires, who do rescue service on Mont Blanc in terrific storms, and his mother won a prize at an Interlaken bench show. "Eugene" is throughbred in lineage and character. Like all his kind, he can stand great cold, but cannot endure this climate after April—must take to the mountains. He understands Italian, French and Spanish, and has spent much time in Rome and Paris. His fondness for Mr. del Viso is evidenced by the great toy he shows when each day by the great joy he shows when each day he goes from his master's home to the legation with him, and then goes to return with him. His leaps of delight and bounds of enthusiasm have to be met with caution to avoid causing the object of his affection from being thrown to the ground. Mr. del Viso parries the caresses of his favorite with the skill of a fencer, while "Eugene" demonstrates how admirably a big dog can M. Cambon's "Joe."

Mention of the dogs of diplomats would

be incomplete without touching on "Joe." the guardian of the French embassy, "Joe" is the property of M. Cambon, ambassador of France, and his adoption has made him a little haughty. "Joe" is American-born, a "Clifton" terrier, but he has the airs of Lest cities. He gives a fierce French bark at visitors, even snapping at the Little Sis-ters of the Poor, who have the best frie ds of their work at the embassy of France. M. Cambon makes quite a pet of "Joe," which distinguished attention one must admit would turn stronger heads than a simple American terrier's. With the reporters who called at the embassy during the Spanish-American war and later most unpopular; he snapped and barked in such a threatening manner. "That dog's the only uncivil thing about the place,



Mr. del Viso's Eugene.

of the men of the press said, "no matter how often we have to go. I should think if the ambassador could be so courteous, his terrier might stand us;" and Franco-Amer-ican sausage was sometimes discussed when reporter met reporter. "Joe" is trim, strong, well built, a good-looking animal, if a little 'aughty, and his popularity with his able master indicates fine qualities, at which the crowd cannot but guess. Confi-dence in M. Cambon's good judgment is the foundation of many of "Joe's" best friendships.

Not All Gold.

From the Chicago Inter-Ocean. "I'd hate to pay that woman's dentist

bills," said a business man to a friend on a South Side L train the other day. Across the aisle from the men was a woman who showed enough gold every time she opened her mouth to make a man want to leave home and try his fortunes in the Klondike Two of her upper teeth had been replace by pieces of burnished metal, and one of he lower teeth also had a twenty-two-cara sheen about it. Her companion had only one gold tooth, but she kept it doing the work of three by a constant smile.

"That's another case of the old adage,
'All that glitters is not gold,'" said the
business man's friend. "One of the latest dental novelties makes gold teeth possible to any one at a small cost and without even sacrificing a healthy incisor to make room for the metal. For a quarter you can tooth and with an excuse to smile you car present a regular gold mine to the astonished public. Actresses first affected the gold tooth and then the Yankee man got an idea. In a short time there was an epi-demic of gold teeth. The rovelty man came out with his plated shells and sold them like hot cakes. No one but the dentist has any kick against the imitation gold tooth, and as a dazzier it is hard to beat. That woman's teeth may be the real stuff but I woman's teeth may be the real stuff, but I believe she can slip them off when she wants to and get them plated when they get tarnished."

His Criticism Silenced.

From the Chicago Inter-Ocean. "There were tough characters," said an ex-Confederate, "in both armies. Three or four years after the war I found an old Union soldier in the penitentiary at Nashville. I was greatly interested in his case, and it seemed to me that the offense charged against him-that of stealing mules-was not, with army traditions in mind, a grave one, and through the influence of friends secured his pardon. He was very grateful and started north with the promise that we should hear good reports of him. Before he left Kentucky he stole ten horses, crossed the Ohio river with them and made a dash for the central part of the state. He was pur-sued and captured and sent to the Ohio pen-

tentiary.
"I felt very sore about this and taunted ome of my Yank friends with the record of the fellow. A year later I went to Columbus to secure the release of an old Confederate soldier from the Ohio penitentiary. I vouched for him because he was one of the bravest soldiers in our command—a rough, daring fellow, who would follow his captain anywhere. I secured his release by a strong appeal to the governor and started the man southward. He stole three horses before he got out of the state. Since that time I have never said much about the Union soldier who disappointed me at Nashville."

Was in the Wrong Office. From Pearson's Weekly.

Agent-"My dear sir, do you know how much time you lose dipping a pen into the irk? Ten dips a minute means six hundred dips an hour, or six thousand dips in ten Business Man—"Yes, I know; I have worked it all out."

Agent—"And yet I find you still writing in the old way?"

Business Man—"Yes, I am using the foun-

Agent—"Beg pardon; I'm in the wrong of

this is for me—don't give it away. Cure him. He's a good sort." "That I may die and not disgrace Its ancient chivalry." "Did the senator drink hard, Murphy, when he was trading in politics, in that sweet land you're so fond of—the ward?" "Why sure, sir, they all did," said Spud, "but he took it like a man." "And his father, I suppose," said the Kid grimly, "took it like a man, and his, and this poor devil is the result. Murphy, my land when you say your prayers or tell

lately. Gradually a feeling of pity spread in the troop for the youngster, who was so quiet and courteous, yet so nervous at times drinking may again become fashionable and always so gray faced and unhealthy in the interests of Lieutenant Owen. And,

"SPUD RAN FORWARD AND WAS FELLED BY THE SABER."

cent average success which excites neither contempt nor jealousy. He never drank, and was methodical in his duties, so that his colonel thought well of him, as a man tal quartermaster or fill some such place

where rivers were never expected to be set But Spud, writing home in these days to his old father, a saloon keeper in the dearly loved ward, grew mendaciously heroic in his descriptions of Sammy's suc-cesses. "He's an honor to us all," said Spud, and we'll be prouder of him some day even than of his father. I hear old Owen to go to the Senate. He may be Presiden et, and Sam'll be a general in time, if the

saints allow a war. Horray for the old ward! It's men we breed there." Spud grinned sardonically as he wrote but how proud old Murphy was to show that letter across the bar to his ancient chum, the member from the district! Owen, senior, blew his nose violently when he read it and straightened up like a young ster. He slipped a \$20 bill in an envelope with an encouraging line to Spud, suggest-ing that his pull in Washington might do something for an old friend's son. Spuc spent the money honorably with the boys

across the post trader's bar, but asked fo across the post trader's oar, but asked for no help through Washington.

"Twill break the old man's heart," thought he, "when the truth's known."

Little Dr. May, who was known to officers and men alike, so immediately appropriate was the nickname, as the "Kid," was then the contract surgeon, or "citizen doctor," attached to the post. He was smoking his last pipe before turning in, one night, when knock came to the outer door of his quar-

upon Spud Murphy's face.
"Doctor," said the dog robber quietly,
"Lieut, Owen's almighty bad. Will ye come

and see him?" The Kid put away the lamp, asked some questions, but a few things in his pockets, and stepped off to Owen's quarters at the end of the row, somewhat isolated from the rest. Owen had the house all to himself. Spud followed five paces behind, as was

Spud followed five paces behind, as was seemly. At the house he gained on the doctor, and spoke hesitatingly.

"Doctor, ye'll soon see for yourself, and it's no use lying about it. If—if it's not against the rules and regulations, will ye keep it to yourself? It's drink."

Dr. May whirled on his heel and stared at the man. No one had ever seen Lieut. Owen drink. He whirled again and entered and Spud Murphy followed him.

tered, and Spud Murphy followed him.
On the edge of the bed sat the unhappy young officer, shaking horrfbly, while great drops of perspiration trickled down his check. His face was ashen. His eyes were

full of a pitiful horror.
"Doctor," he cried, tottering to the Kid, "Doctor," he cried, tottering to the Kid,
"save me! For God's sake, save me!"
The clean-shaven, plump rosiness of the
Kid's che-ks were in strong contrast to the
gray leanness of Owen's. As great was the difference between his cool firmness and

Owen's horrible unstrung condition.

"Get back into bed," said the doctor, "and
tell me what all this is about." Then followed a wretched, ghastly scene as the young officer, with shaking voice and weak tears, chattered incoherently. He told of his last year at West Point, where the vice had got hold firmly of him; how he had escaped detection marvelously, and how, when on his leave, after graduation, he had let himself go. He had hoped the new life on the plains would help him to freedom, but—Spud Murphy alone knew of the hopeless, lonely fight in the bachelor's

He kept on crying-"Save me, doctor, e doctor spoke to Spud, who stood off in the shadows, watching Owen with a curious mingling on his broad face of pity, orrow, contempt and shame.
"Had he been like this before?" the Kid

quarters.

asked.

"Twice," said Spud. "Not so bad, but I've had the worst time keeping it dark. To-night I was sure he was ausgespieled, so I gives the thing up and I goes for you, see?" Suddenly the man in the bed rose up with a screech, his eyes reflecting horror. In-stantly Spud pounced on him, and clapped hand on his mouth, that the sound migh not penetrate unfriendly sars. He and the Kid held the maniac down until the paroxysm passed. Then May took a syring from his pocket, filled and bared his pa-"Murphy," he said, after a while, when

and sneered. Spud ground his teeth and marked them for future slaughter. "They know, they see it," he inwardly

might be better that way, too."
"No, Murphy," said the Kid. "That would be a bad expose. Soldiers must fill other people with bullets, but should scruplously respect their own persons. The Kid respected Private Spud's anxiety o save the unhappy lieutenant from dis-nissal. He watched over Owen's "attack of malaria" personally, so that even that critical outbreak of the maniac's passed unoticed by the adjutant or men. In a weel Owen was back with the troop, grayer and thinner, quieter and grayer than ever, but

with the same nervous courteousness which made his troopers, as also his comrades, regard him with a pitying liking. The little doctor and Owen had a long private talk, and it is to be supposed the Kid dabbled in nostra outside the regular pharmacy of the faculty, for he and Ower ook together four weeks' leave of absence

nd the doctor brought the lieutenant back o Spud looking better than ever he had ince the craving had burst upon him. "Take him, Murphy," said the Kid, confidently, "and you can let him have the run of the pistol cartridges."

"The blessing of the ward is on you," said Spud, with great joy, and thereafter permitted himself to mingle as freely as i former days with the troop, to take his regular break at the post trader's and to discuss the glories of the ward and of the Owen family as magniloquently as before Again the old saloon keeper received a let er from his son, which he showed to th senator, and again was the old lawmaker neart borne up within him, as he dreamed glory-real glory, not of the political or

ler, whose hollowness he knew-for hi For war was in the air, the Maine wen

down, and then war came.

That was six months after Kid had brought Owen back to duty. During the last three of these the soul of Murphy had been possessed with doubt. Something was wrong with his charge, just what he could not say. It was not the old trouble-not not say. It was not the old trouble-not once had the unholy thirst consumed the officer—that seemed indeed to have left him, through the little doctor's radical cure. whatever it may have been. A somethin of alteration was in the eye and step o the lieutenant. Now he was listless; he took no part in social gatherings; he avoided any more duty than was absolutely necessary. Before, when not incapacitated by his vice, he had been a burning student, indefatigable in helping his troop to star rank in the regiment. Books no longer interested him, nor drills. He cared not whether his men were marksmen or sharpshooters. Spud took heart of grace and wrote to the Kid, who had been sent to another station, and the Kid replied a little anxiously, but hopefully.

"In changing his inherent nature in or direction," said he, "it is possible that other traits may have been weakened, but it is probable he will be his busy self again in time. So long as the great object was attained by my cure I really don't care much about the rest.'

Spud did. The troop was crazy with delight at getting the route for Cuba. Owen disguised his own feelings from every on but not from the watchful attendant. "Hully gee!" Spud moaned, "he-he don't

The dog-robber raged, and it is to be feared that when in attendance on his mas ter in the seclusion of the latter's quarters, things passed which had better fitted the long gone days when they were only big boy and little boy on the block, and Spud had forced the child to fight or be thrashed. It resulted in Owen's thrusting aside his listlessness for a time and moving around with some enthusiasm in the preparations for departure. The dog-robber, however, was grievously embittered in heart as he watched the lieutenant's condition. "By gee," said he, "I asked him to cure im of drink, but not to take all the spirit

out of him. What t'ell! A coward's worse than t'other thing."

Then it came about that on a very hot day in the afternoon a ship strange in those waters crept closely in to the Cuban coast. She steamed slowly along, her bulwarks lined with watchful armed men whose wide, gray campaign hats topped her sides. The silver beach stretched, a shining ribbon, along the edge of the sea,

and great clouds of surf sparkled in the sun as the waves broke on the coral reefs a little out from the shore. The land with-Spaniards, anyway. At them, boys! Cease firing! Forward! double time! Commence firing!" in lay like a garden of the gods, as green, as fruitful, to all seeming as peaceful. A net of jungle, of trailing, thorny vines and tropical bush, with bamboos and banyans firing!"
The men obeyed cheering, and gained twenty yards by the rush, when they went down again and peppered away.

Again Owen commanded and again they

such work was unexpected. A strip of nearly clear ground, some sixty yards broad, separated the demoniacal Americans from them; and the Spanish fire faltered and flickered. It was too late to go back. Pauks was borne away by the excitement. "Now, boys! Forward! Charge!" Owen yelled, and the men with a wild yell rose and followed him. The Spaniards broke and scrambled any way at all out of their

right sang out:

The men looked fretful as they noted the start the others had.

He watched the men furtively. One man

o Sammy, Sammy, if only I could give you a jolly good hiding to wake you up."

He slipped a hand to a hip pocket and half drew something from it, but shoved it

back again with great distress of face.
"What's to be done? D-n the Kid doc-

The other boat was drawing away ahead,

for their officer was cheering the oarsmen

on. He waved from his place in the stern :

hand to Owen and cried back gaily: "You're

The men looked at Owen. He made no

response. There was a certain honor in being first to set foot on the shore, but the

soldiers saw disgustedly that their officer did not desire it. Danger was there and

he-he flunked it. That was the sudder

and they looked blackly on him.

tle and whispered angrily:

brightened.

sang Pauks.

den volley.

hought that sprang to each man's mind,

Spud moved in the boat, standing up so that he hid the lieutenant while he stooped

on some pretense. He held out a black bot-

"Drink, Sammy, drink, and God forgive

The lieutenant looked at him in sudden

horror. It was as though one's guardian angel, who had watched for long, should

abandon his task and assume a demon's

"You-you want me to?"
"Drink and say nothing," said poor Spud,

for if fighting's to be done, that Kid doc-

was more like himself, and their faces

"Pull, boys," he said, "and we'll beat

Spud moaned, but the first step was

flask. Over the blue waters they skimmed.

The reef was near.
"Two to one in V's we beat you, Owen!"

gained and passed them. They cleared the surf-they ran high on the white shore

They formed as skirmishers, twenty vards

apart, and plunged into the jungle, without waiting for the other boat. These were almost immediately after them, however,

yet Owen had time to stop, and, in the shelter of a bush, gulp down another drink. The blood dashed through his veins. Blood

filled his eyes. He was a new man from the listless craven an hour ago. Danger, cer-tain fighting, was before him, and he knew

nervously to a boyish condition, and the

ov who had never touched it before. But

Spud was almost scared, so red were Owen's cheeks, so full of vivacity his manner as he

led his men, now following him with cheer

"Down!" yelled Pauks. "
steady! Return the fire lying!"

He passed it over, and again the drank, and this time he kept the

spoke to the men, and bade the rowers

the devil sure!"

not in it, Owen!"

Shall I burst the cure or-O! this is

officer's feet, who, madly furious, raised a cavalry saber to dispatch his fee. Spud saw and gasped, "God forgive me! His life will be on my head!" The dog robber ran forward at the charge, and was felled by the saber, falling back upon Owen. In a moment more it was all upon Owen. In a moment more it was all over, and the Americans held the position. Pauks was bewildered. "It was madness," said he, "but, by jings, it was glorious! Are you hurt, Owen?"

Owen looked up mistly. He was bleeding from a bad wound in the shoulder, and was sick. The effects of the poison were passing off.

passing off. "I don't quite know," he said. Whatwhat has happened?"
"You're stunned, old man!" said Pauks "but, I say, I didn't think you had it in you. That was fine. Do you know this man saved your life? I saw it all. He ran

cool fire had done, and their steady advance against greatly intrenched odds. Pauks could not control the men. They

were laughingly cheering Owen as they loaded and fired. Some one on the far

"He's all right!" "Who's all right?"

clean in and caught the saber. Let's look. It's your servant, sn't it?" Owen looked, and Murphy feebly opened his eyes and looked back at his old pet of the block. The dog robber glanced round with a faint grin of triumph.

The old ward breeds men." he said, "and don't-don't none of you guys forget it!"

Owen took his hand.
"Is it bad, Spud?" he wrispered.
"It's taps," Murphy whispered back, with a squeeze of the hand. "Is you hurt guess so, I think my shoulder's smashed all to pieces."
"Then it's all right-all right," said Spud, faintly. "You'll leave the army with heaps of glory-returned for wounds, and-and-they can't say you may be a small right. they can't say you was a coward, Sammy. The ward will bust itself with shoutin'

"But you, Spud," cried Owen, in great

'That's all right," said Spud, now very feebly. "Tell my old man-to set 'em up-for the gang. They won't forget me, Sammy!" "Yes." "See the Kid doctor again and-get-an-

other - of-them-cures. I-thought-the-world-of-you, Sammy." LUCK IN LOTTERIES.

Some Strange Tricks That Dame Fortune Has Played. From Tit-Bits.

family.

Fortune is never so capricious as when she is turning a lottery wheel, and a whole library might be written of the strange pranks she has played with those who have wooed her in this guise. She was in a strangely capricious mood when it pleased her to convert a Dublin shop assistant into a man of fortune and the founder of a noble

Annaly, was a poor Manxman who had drifted to Dublin to serve behind the counter of a bookseller's shop. In the hope of adding to his scanty earnings he bought number of lottery tickets for sale, but found himself unable to dispose of them all. At the last moment he decided to send ie unsold tickets to Belfast, in the hope of finding a better market there; but when the coach had been a day on its journey he recoach had been a day on its journey he re-ceived a letter informing him that the de-spised tickets had won valuable prizes. Although the news came in the dead of night, Luke White got up immediately, saddled a horse, and raced madly in chase of the coach. He rode through the night and the whole of the following day, and overtook the coach within a few miles of overtook the coach within a few miles of Belfast. He rescued the bundle of tickets,

and returning home, exchanged them for prizes of the value of \$100,000. An amusing story is told of a wicked trick which fortune played a short time ago on a lady. The lady and her husband, who were traveling, called at the shop of a country lraper to make a few purchases. were about to leave the shop, when an at-tractive bonnet arrested the lady's atten-tion, and she induced her husband to buy

It for her.

When it came to payment, however, the husband found, to his dismay, that he had not sufficient money to pay for it. In this dilemma he offered the draper an eighth share ticket in a German lottery which he t for her. had in his purse, and finally induced him t accept it in part payment. A few days later the lady learned, to her disgust, that the lottery ticket had won an eighth of for it ingatings to be done, that Kid doctor's rulined you for it. Drink!"

And he drank quickly and deeply. He handed the bottle back to Spud, who slipped it away. In a minute Owen's face flushed and his eye brightened. He stood up and \$75,000, and that her "darling bor thus cost her the record price of nearly

It was a happy inspiration that tempted a young lieutenant on the Italian battle ship Lepanto to turn his attention to the Spanish Christmas lottery a couple of years spainsh Christmas lottery a couple of years ago. The ship was cruising off the coast of Spain, and it occurred to the lieutenant to Induce all on board, from captain to cabin boy, to Join in purchasing a lottery ticket. The ticket was bought, and, to the delight those fellows for all their start. Mur-phy," he whispered, as he sat down again, "give me that bottle." of all, was fortunate enough to win the first prize of \$165,000, which was divided among the lucky owners on Christmas day. A very curious piece of good fortune fell last year to the lot of a poor widow who kept a small shop in a suburb of Berlin. One evening as she was serving a customer "Done. Give way, men!" Owen cried; and the men laughed. Spud brightened up. The poison was working. He knew what the doctor would say, but bade the morrow begone! Enough to live bravely through the day! At the reef a false turn at the tiller nearly capsized Pauks' boat, and Owen a working man stepped into the shop and begged permission to light his pipe. Drawing a piece of paper from his pocket, he twisted it up, lit it at the gas jet, and, after lighting his pipe, threw down the spill and walked out with a word of thanks. When sweeping the floor the next morning the widow took up the charred paper out of idle curiosity, and, unfolding it, saw that it was a lottery ticket, only a fraction of which had been burnt. She folded it up, put it away in her pocket, and had almost forgotten it, when the result of a large lottery drawing caught her eye in the paper. She then remembered the crumpled ticket in her pocket, and, on producing it, found to her amazement and delight that the rejected ticket had won a prize of \$50. and welcomed it. Spud was by him, and was astonished. If the doctor had been there, the Kid could have told the dog-robber that his master had been returned 000. She claimed the prize, and although she advertised widely for its original owner with the intention of sharing it with has been left in undisturbed pos-

The Prig and His Cane. From the Gentleman's Magazine. In the number of The Tatler for October

ful amazement. In the jungle the two boat loads joined, and completed a skirmish line of some fifty men. They panted onward. Crash! From in front of them came a sud-6, 1700, it is observed that "a cane is part of the dress of a prig" (this, by the way, shows the erroneous notion prevalent that "priggishness" is a modern word), "and always worn upon a button, for fear he should be thought to have an occasion for steady! Return the fire lying!"
Down they went, and the Spanish bullets
flew over their heads. They fired back at
the puffs of smoke, but Owen stood up waying his sword. Pauks was his senior and it or be esteem'd really and not genteelly cripple." In the number for November 18 a rural squire in town is sketched who is a prototype of one of the pavement nuisances.
"His arms naturally swang at an unreasonable distance from his sides, which, with "Owen, they are in force, and must be in riflepits. We should draw back to the boats the advantage of a cane that he brandished for further orders, until the gunboat shells for further orders, until the gunboat shells them out. What do you say?"

Owen was hidden from view for a moment. When he appeared again he had finished the fateful bottle, and thrown it in a great variety of irregular motions made it unsafe for any one to walk within And under date of December 5 there is a amusing sketch of "a lively, fresh-colored

amusing sketch of "a lively, fresh-colored young man" who was among the applicants to Isaac Bickerstaff's court of censorship for license to use "canes, perspective glasses, snuff boxes, orange flower waters and the like ornaments of life." This young man had his cane hanging on his fifth button, and was "an Oxford scholar who was just entered at the Temple." and discretion away.
"Nonsense," he cried. "They are only

once almost frozen to death.

Another adventure came near ending his life, by a fall from the carriage in which the grand niece of the ambassador was enjoying a drive in his society. Enterprising "Tohoky," in his curiosity to see the wheels go round, tumbled out, and his pretty mistress was inconsolable until assured he was only slightly battered. He was born in China seven years ago, at the house of M. Cassini, of a Belgian father and a French mother, both famous for cleverness—which "Tchoky" inherits. "Causette," his wife is French and chie as a true Pari-

hours, and each dip consumes-

tain pen you sold me about a month ago-using it in the old way because it won't write any other way."